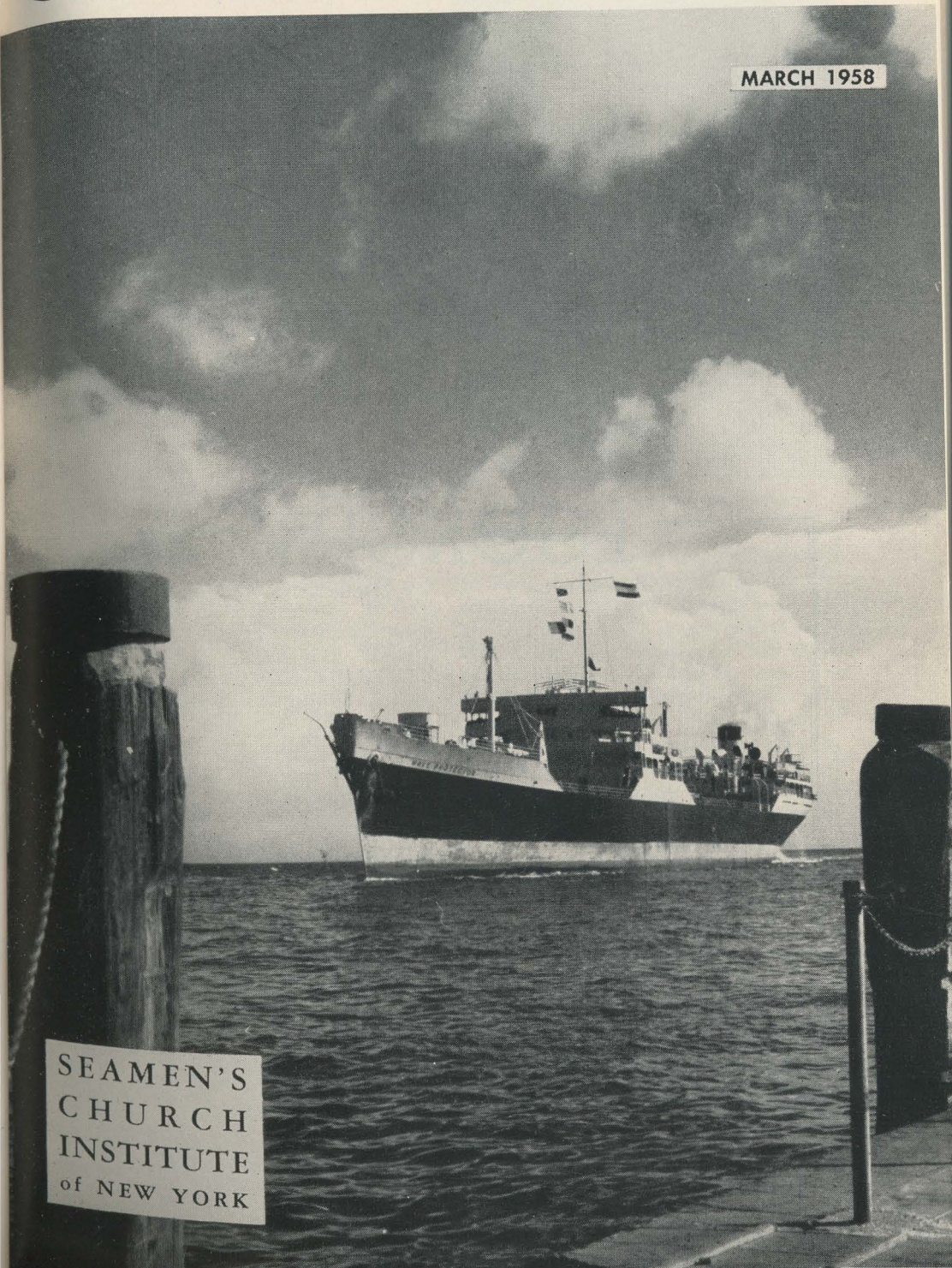
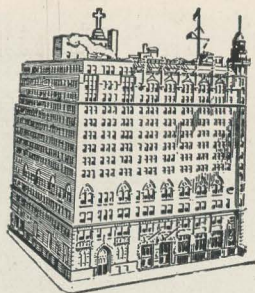


# The LOOKOUT

MARCH 1958



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK



**T**HE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



## The LOOKOUT

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MARCH, 1958

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**THE COVER:** Approaching the harbor of St. Anna, Willemstad, Curacao, this tanker brings the island its most valuable import — crude oil. Chief industry of this Netherlands West Indies capital is the refining of oil which is brought in from Venezuela, 60 miles away. Photo by Max Hunn.

A Chain Reaction

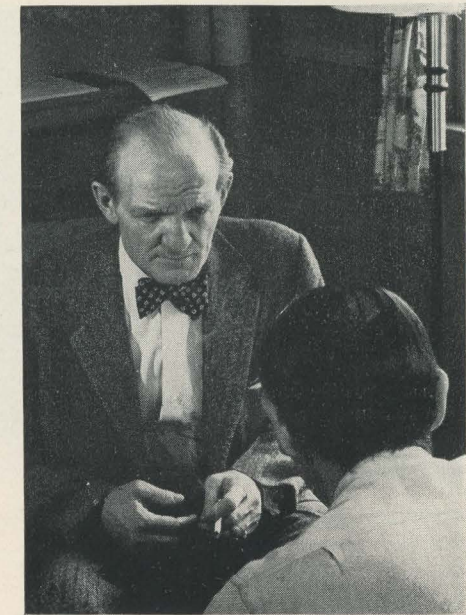
## On the Human Side

**T**O get the help I need, I admit I'm an alcoholic. Every man jack in my crew knows it. That's better than having them swing me aboard in a cargo net."

Speaking was a captain whose ship was docked just up the street from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, where he was attending a recent group meeting at the shore center's Alcoholics Assistance Bureau. His remarks were directed to a first mate who had expressed fear at what might happen should those under him aboard ship come to know his "weakness."

Such frankness as the captain's is fueling the chain reaction through which one alcoholic seaman today strives to help another, often compounding the Institute's pioneer successes in this field. "Twelve years ago," recalls Mr. William J. Fowler, one of the Bureau's two counselors, "we had to do all the talking. The burden was on us, and we had to start from a dead stop every time. Today, seamen that were helped in the past by the Bureau are writing us about the Alcoholics Anonymous meetings they have held aboard ship and attended in other ports. As a result of talking with others, the seaman with a drinking problem doesn't always wait until he hits bottom before coming to see us."

This valuable chain reaction, which is bringing help to a higher percentage of men under 35 than was formerly the case, is attributed to two factors. First, seamen, like others, are coming to regard alcoholism as an illness rather than as a moral issue. Second, and vitally important, the alcoholic seaman has come to know how and where help is available to him. Backtracking on the success of others most often leads him to 25 South Street.



Bill Fowler: "We use the shotgun approach."

There really aren't many other trails. In most sections of the marine industry, sentiment toward the drunken sailor has not mellowed at all since the days when the capstan chantey offered a half dozen derisive solutions as to what should be done with him. Shipmates used to sing, "Throw him in the scuppers." Today in some of their union publications they say, "Throw him clear out of the industry." The chorus is swelled by the voices of ship-owners, marine insurance underwriters and others.

"When he comes to us at the Institute," says Bill Fowler, "he certainly has no need for further condemnation, so we try to look at the human side of things; we look for ways to help him, not to judge him, or burn him at the stake."

Help for different men takes different forms, but in all cases it begins with the earnest desire of the alcoholic to help himself. Bill Fowler and his associate, Tom Southall, commonly find that when a man seeks help from the Bureau he doesn't really want to stop drinking, as an alcoholic must, he just asks help in avoiding the problems created by drunkenness. He



The Bureau's clubroom provides the alcoholic seaman with a complete change of atmosphere, letting him absorb the spirit of others who have the same problem, giving him a restful place where he can begin to conceive of a life without alcohol.

wants to learn control in drinking, which is impossible for the alcoholic, and counseling such a man becomes a question of how to help him face the facts of his case. Others who really accept their alcoholic problem must be guided to a knowledge of how to conquer it.

After listening for all possible clues, the Bureau counselors use what they call the "shotgun approach" in trying to reach a man, appealing to every side of human nature, hoping that one or two points will hit home.

The counselors do not work blindly, however. They talk and listen with a rapport quickly established by their own experience as alcoholics and their first-hand knowledge of the seafaring life. With intuition and the skill of long practice, they help a man recognize his problem.

The alcoholic seaman meets trouble from two quarters. First of all, he is an alcoholic, which society doesn't understand and certainly doesn't approve of. Second, he is a seaman, following a life which people ashore seldom understand fully or urge upon their sons.

Relief from the isolation of being an alcoholic in a sober world has come most effectively in the past two decades from Alcoholics Anonymous, whose 12-step program includes sharing experience in a helpful fellowship. The Bureau usually seeks to guide alcoholic seamen into this program because its world-wide contacts

are especially helpful to him.

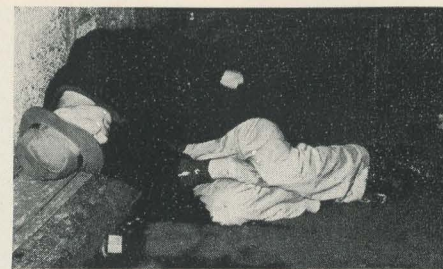
The Bureau's own staff and its setting at 25 South Street counteract the sense of isolation brought about by the seaman's different life. In the Bureau's clubroom and at its group sessions, held each Thursday, he meets others whose experience is similar to his own and whose thinking and example he can readily accept.

Medical needs sometimes stand as a high fence between the Bureau and the man who seeks help. Serious physical disablement often follows a knock-down-drag-out session with John Barleycorn. Even in "drying out" after prolonged drinking, the alcoholic must be drawn back through a painful knothole. It should be done under sedation, and in severe cases, about one in ten, under hospital care. After receiving sedation, some are able to "shake it out" in private rooms provided at the Institute by the Bureau. When the medical needs are beyond the resources of the Institute's out-patient clinic, the seaman is referred to New York area hospitals. Usually he will be accepted at the hospital only if in delirium tremens, alcoholic convulsions or the "rams," or on the verge of one of these three dangerous states, in the judgment of the admitting doctor. The Bureau's experience suggests that the admitting doctor's judgment is likely to be a compound of medical skills and moral scruples, causing the alcoholic, with his self-inflicted trouble, to be a less welcome figure than

the cardiac case — which can be diagnosed and treated effectively. The alcoholic seaman, a "drifter in town," is even more likely to get a drink of paraldehyde and a pat on the shoulder, which sends him back to the street still on the far side of that high fence. The war is over and sober sailors are easy to come by, so why scuffle with a drunk in the "revolving door?"

The Institute's Bureau enjoys a measure of self-sufficiency through the resources available right at 25 South Street. In addition to medical care at its clinic, the seaman can be lodged, fed and clothed. Temporary shoreside work can be found for him while his papers are being put back in order. A special clubroom adjoining the Bureau provides a restful and therapeutic atmosphere, especially vital during those first shaky days of sobriety.

Most important, at the Institute he has the company of people who do not see him as a drunkard or as a business liability, but as a man, who as a man, is too impor-



tant to be forsaken when he reaches out. At the Alcoholics Assistance Bureau, he is helped by counselors who work with dedication, not thinking that the alcoholic is disgusting, comical or immoral, but that he is a suffering man in great peril.

At the Bureau, this man can be helped and he can join the stabilizing fellowship of other seamen who were helped before him. He can be made stronger still by the chain reaction through which he, in turn, extends a hand to those who waver behind him.

**HONORED:** A New York University Presidential Citation was awarded last month to Institute Chaplain James Healey, retired, in honor of his 40 years of service on the waterfront. At ceremonies held at the Institute, Dr. Healey said, "I covet not this honor for myself but for all chaplains and laymen who have ministered to seamen everywhere." Shown below are James V. Gilloon, representing the President of New York University; Dr. Healey; and some of those who have worked with him in the past: Rev. Raymond S. Hall, director, Seamen's Church Institute; Alex S. Benton, director, Seamen's House YMCA; and Walter E. Messenger, director, American Seamen's Friend Society.





Photo by A. W. Spofford

## Siren's Song

**W**AY out there, beyond the thin line where sky and water blend, something is calling to me; something tugging and insistent from the Faraway.

Like the song of a Lorelei, its enticing sound is heard above the tumult of wind and waves as they lash the sea wall through the grey, early-morning mist enshrouding the inlet. The call, emanating from river after river and channel after channel, spans bleak promontories finger-

The patients at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Manhattan Beach put out a mimeographed monthly called *The Port-hole*. It breaks the silence of the sick, and often taps feelings that have had time to be well expressed. Aching to be back at sea, Richard E. Hicks here says farewell, and then some, to his wardmates.

ing northern seas and leaping across misty inlet and wave-drenched wall, burrows deep into a man's being.

The call was heard by Jason and the Argonauts, by Odysseus and his Achaeans, by Eric the Red and his Vikings, by Columbus and Magellan, by Drake and Hawkins, and by Amundsen and Peary. It has borne many names, this ancient call to men who go down to the sea in ships. For Jason, it was the Golden Fleece; for Odysseus, it was the sacking of Troy, and later, the arms of Penelope; for Eric the Red, it was Greenland. Columbus called it a new way to India's wealth, as he sailed on; Magellan heard it and he proved the earth is round by circumnavigating this sphere; and gold was the call heard by Drake and Hawkins as they pillaged towns and sank galleons along the Spanish Main; for Amundsen and Peary, it was the poles of the earth.

Stranger than the quest for peace after death; mightier than the hope for Heaven

and more insistent than the desire for a mistress' charms, the sea calls to its own with an overwhelming intensity. The call cannot be denied; it must be answered.

Giving a name to all this imposes a strain. One cannot easily describe the Grecian archipelago with its many rocky fingers sticking above the surface of the Aegean Sea. With the early morning sunlight drenching each barren finger and reflecting from the sea's dimpled surface, an enchanted garden is created, spell-binding until a vessel intrudes its way through the archipelago's numerous islands.

What name can be given to this fascination? Simile and metaphor would be superfluous as there is no comparison to the attraction found in the striking beauty of Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus," high up on the wall of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence; in the curving waters of the Dardanelles; in the many, small and verdant mountains studding the island of Trinidad; in the manifestation of raw, naked poverty, appalling a man's soul, in Port-of-Spain; in the stifling heat and sand falling like rain over the Red Sea.

There is no like to the attraction of the azure skies and blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea; of the narrowness of the canal at Suez with its camel-riding guardians patrolling its barren, sandy banks; of the small Arab boy at Algiers talking more American jive than most of us had ever heard and winding up his glib conversation with, "Do you dig me, Dad-dio?"; of the impressive gateway to India, only three blocks from the Causeway, in Bombay; of the Medina at Casablanca where the chief cook raced to escape the arms of 75 girls while his friend gave himself up willingly, a look of delighted resignation on his face as the horde of girls bore him away to whatever heavenly fate 75 girls can have in store for one slow-running man; of the Fuzzie-Wuzzies in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, coming aboard to unload cargo, wearing the same fierce look their grandfathers wore at Khartoum when they broke a British square; of the murky turbidity in the Hooghly River's roadstead at Calcutta.

There is no end to the memory of the bright, good looks of the women in Copen-

hagen, so beautiful until they transformed most of us into Lotus-eaters; of Lisbon's narrow streets with pedestrians accentuating their limitations by hugging the walls of buildings whenever trolley cars clanged by; of the divans in the London subway trains; of the gentle people of Bordeaux; of the rank cupidity revealed on all sides in Buenos Aires; of the stark, nerve-shattering fear in the Gulf of Aden when the small boat sprung a leak while rowing among sting-rays and sharks; of the grey, wintry turbulence of the North Atlantic; of the fire seen in the sky, created by an ever erupting Stromboli, when at night, a vessel rocks by before hurling itself through the Strait of Messina; of the Bosphorus at Istanbul, where in the distance can be seen shining, gold-sheeted domes of palace and mosque, attesting to the splendor and wealth of long-dead Sultan and Caliph. This, then, is only an infinitesimal bit of what composes that which cannot be readily named.

The power to mesmerize, innate to this call, has not diminished over the years. It still levies its awesome effect. Today, this very minute, it fills the land. It is heard everywhere and here beside the sea, it is loudest of all. To be long gone, to sail into the Faraway appeases its screaming intensity.

Rage, fierce, towering rage, squats like a witch on my shoulder. Rage envelops me as I wait upon the round face of a clock. Sixty seconds; sixty minutes, raging for an hour, a day and then a week — a rage to go.

So with eyes and ears attuned to the Faraway and pen steeped in rage, I write aloha, goodbye, adios, auf wiedersehen and fare-thee-well to the Beach and its inhabitants. To say I'll remember you would be picayunish and I can promise better than that. I'll talk about you when I am long gone, so help me. I'll talk about you in the Faraway.

And you who remain, you who watch as I go, will be disturbed by a siren's song, whenever the cries of circling seagulls are heard. Distinct as a bell's clear tones will be the invitation: "Shipmate, come and join me, sail with me to the Faraway."

— RICHARD E. HICKS

# The World of Ships

## SINKING FUND

Two salvage experts are ready to sink a few million dollars into raising the *Andrea Doria* from the ocean floor. Armando Conti of the AAA Salvage Company in New Jersey and Richard Meyer, a Michigan salvage engineer, have said that they will begin work this spring, provided they can get clearance from the Italian marine underwriters who hold title to the vessel.

Their plan is to send divers down to attach 60 inflatable rubber tubes to the side of the wreck. Compressed air will then be pumped into the tubes to right and lift the vessel. Then 70 wire cables will be passed under the liner. These will be attached to two Great Lakes ore boats on either side, whose holds will be flooded. As these vessels ride some 15 feet lower in the water, the slack in the cables will be taken in, the water will be pumped out of the ore boats and the *Andrea Doria* will rise slightly. Tugs will then tow the ore boats and the *Doria* into shallower water, and the process will be repeated until the liner reaches water shallow enough to allow floating drydocks to lift her and bring her into port.

## PLEASURE ISLAND

The high bidder for New York's Ellis Island will make it a "Pleasure Island" if his bid is accepted. Offering the Federal Government \$201,000 last month for the abandoned harbor property, New York builder Sol G. Atlas outlined plans for a \$55,000,000 recreational and cultural center that would cover the 27-acre site with a hotel, music shell, winter and summer swimming pools, language school, immigration museum, tennis courts, ice-skating rinks and canals, helicopter landing area, a 500-boat marina and a sail-in movie.

Mr. Atlas' suggestion will remind readers (*Lookout*, Feb. 1957) of a proposal advanced last year to build a \$50,000,000 "Recreation Island" in the shallow waters south of Governor's Island in New York harbor. The current plan is more likely to become a reality, although there has been no official word as yet from the General Services Administration. Other proposals — like the one to establish a U. S. Public Health Service Hospital for narcotics addicts on the island — are still being considered.

At the Seamen's Church Institute last month, a group of former staff members of the U. S. Public Health Service and the Immigration Service on the island met to form an "alumni" group. They have suggested the island be turned into a retirement home for aged Federal employees.

## FORWARD STEPS

The ship-replacement program of the American Merchant Marine took ten steps ahead last month as the Federal Maritime Board and three shipping companies announced that shipbuilding contracts had been allotted for ten new cargo vessels.

Contracts for two "Searacer" ships (advanced versions of the *Mariner*) to be built for American President Lines, four C-3 vessels of advanced design for Moore-McCormack Lines and four similar vessels for American Export Lines were awarded to shipbuilding firms in various parts of the country. In making the awards, the Federal Maritime Board acted under Public Law 805, 85th Congress, for the first time. This provides that, with the approval of the President, shipbuilding contracts may be granted in various parts of the country where it is believed the allocation will contribute to the national defense and general welfare of the country, even though the shipyards in these areas may

not have been the lowest bidders for the contracts.

The long-range ship replacement program seeks a continuous modern American Merchant Marine through the orderly replacement of obsolete tonnage. Within the next 20 years, this should result in nearly three billion dollars worth of merchant shipbuilding and conversion.

## COLD CHICKEN?

Seven thousand feet below the icy waters of the Arctic Sea, "chicken tracks" have been photographed by Columbia University scientists drifting on an ice floe. The scientists, working at Drifting Station A of the U. S. program for the International Geophysical Year, don't know what the tracks are, how they got there, or how long they've been there. They do know that they are between 1/4 to 1/2" wide and 2 to 2 1/2" long.

The mysterious tracks were seen by the eye of a 35-millimeter camera, encased with its own light source in a metal container and lowered through a hole in the ice at the end of a wire attached to a winch. The thump against the ocean floor triggered the light and released the shutter.

## NEPTUNE'S POSTOFFICE

One hundred and fifty messages in bottles, ready to be dropped overboard in mid-ocean, were aboard the *S. S. United States* as she sailed for Europe on March 11. The senders were visitors to the Institute's ship model exhibit at the Jersey Coast Boat Show held last month in Asbury Park. An oil painting by marine artist Linwood Borum awaits the sender of the first bottle that finds its way back to 25 South Street.

## SOS, WITH BACON

Dutchmen used to be able to hold back the seas with one finger; today it takes a whole side of bacon. The owners of the vessel *Zuiderzee* have reported that the 100-ton ship would have sunk at her Eindhoven harbor pier last month had it not been for the quick action of a crewmember who called on the butcher to save his ship.

When the *Zuiderzee* sprang a leak in her hull after colliding with another vessel, the seaman rushed down the gangplank, ran to the local butcher and said, "Sell me a side of bacon. My ship's sinking." Four pounds did the trick. It kept the vessel afloat until the next morning when she could be taken to a repair yard.

A spokesman for the company concurred with the seaman's judgment: "Bacon," he said, "is the ideal plug for a hole in the hull because it clamps tight through suction."

## OLD BOLD IN COLD

If you're planning a voyage to the Antarctic, wait a bit. The older you are the better you'll be able to stand the cold. After spending close to a year at the South Pole, Dr. Howard C. Taylor, a Navy lieutenant, reports that of the 17 members of his unit, the older men were far less susceptible to the cold than the younger and were much better able to maintain the pace and work under the most severe conditions. And he really means severe. One day last July the mercury plummeted down to 102.1 degrees below zero; from then on until the end of the year it seldom went above 50 degrees below zero.

Ad men please note: Dr. Taylor also reports that cold drinks were more popular than warmer brews, with men both old and young. Iced tea and ice-cream, he found, were frigid favorites.

Photo courtesy of United Fruit Co.

## On Watch

**O**N a ship there is no time out. Always, men must be ON WATCH — to guide the ship, to guard it from danger, to be alert, responsible for the safety of life and cargo.

Like a ship, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York must be manned 24 hours a day. Many hands "stand watch" at 25 South Street — those the sailor sees and many that he doesn't. These "unseen" hands are the sailor's good friends whose contributions make possible the Institute's special services — personal, religious, educational, medical, recreational — which he looks for between ships in New York. Through the Institute's staff, these good friends bring home-town warmth into the lives of men who have far too little of it because their jobs keep them away from their families for long stretches at a time.

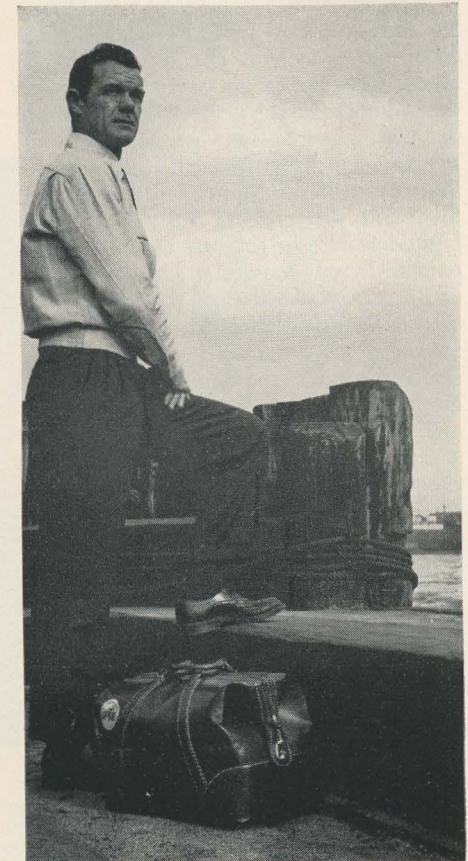
The cost of the Institute's program each day is \$273.97 more than what seamen pay themselves. Your check for that amount will give you the opportunity of "standing watch" for one entire day. Your contribution or legacy of \$9,000, invested by us at current rates of interest would make it possible for you to "stand watch" at 25 South Street, on a special day each year, every year. Which day will you be responsible for the ship? Which will be your RED LETTER DAY?

*For further information on the Institute's Red Letter Day program, please write or call Jay Dennis, Director of Fund Raising, 25 South Street, New York 4, New York (BO 9-2710)*

## The Sailor as a Shirtsleeve Ambassador

By Wilbur L. Motta

*Third Prize,  
1957 Artists & Writers  
Club Essay Contest,  
sponsored by the  
Seamen's Church Institute*



"The tourist undoubtedly gets to see more of the places he visits, but the seaman gets to know more about the people."

**N**OT too many generations ago public opinion of the American seaman was at a very low level. Seamen were considered outcasts of society, wards of the government; unreliable, irresponsible second-rate citizens. Perhaps in those days these men of the sea earned such a worthless reputation. That is a questionable point. Perhaps the American public did not realize the importance of our maritime industry and Merchant Marine, and consequently belittled the status of the seaman himself.

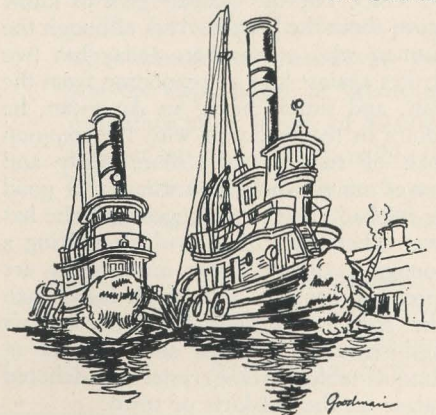
However, the American seaman of today is a sober-minded, responsible and worthwhile citizen, even if he isn't fully recognized as such by some.

The seaman is particularly worthwhile as a citizen when we bear in mind the need of our country for people who can demonstrate to the rest of the world what the average American is really like. The common folk of Beirut, Tasmania, Tangiers, or Istanbul were temporarily exposed to Americans in the past as GI's during the war, or tourists and State Department employees. But the children and younger generation in these places are the grown-ups of tomorrow. The kids on the street today know only two kinds of Americans — the tourist and the seaman. The tourist undoubtedly gets to see more of the places

he visits, but the seaman gets to know more about the people. And, although the seaman who goes ashore today has two strikes against him — reputation from the past, and simply being an American, he comes in ready contact with the common man of society much more easily and leaves more lasting impressions, for good or for bad. This is the opportunity he has over other types of individuals visiting a foreign country. These impressions are spread to common folk much faster than any speech delivered to that country's well-heeled politicians and officials at banquet table, in some crystal-chandeliered palace on the outskirts of town.

More goodwill toward the United States has been spread by American seamen ashore in a foreign port than is recognized. They strike up conversations with the ordinary people of their society. Simple but pertinent questions are asked and answered — ideas exchanged. Here is where the seaman has an opportunity to explain first-hand what life is really like in the United States, in contrast to the pictures painted by our movies and our diplomats and representatives. Since the average seaman is not an intellectual or big-shot, his conversations are mostly at the level of understanding of the common man abroad. He has the chance to explain in the common man's vernacular that we're just a nation of ordinary people who have made progress because of what we stand and work hard for, and how the picture usually painted of streets of gold and skyscrapers of silver are distortions of the truth. Also that everyone in American is not filthy rich, does not live in a big swanky mansion, drive a Cadillac or think nothing of holding up a bank or robbing the corner grocer in order to buy narcotics, as portrayed in foreigner's minds by our Hollywood movies. Better yet, he can explain how Americans actually work very hard today to earn their living and the comforts of the modern way of life we ourselves have created. These people like to hear first-hand stories about American life, without the distasteful braggadocio that is usually speeled off to them by some

Bert Goodman



American visitors. Little things that our official representatives would consider too trite to speak about are of great interest to these people. They like to hear about our colleges, unions, department stores, churches, supermarkets, drive-in movies, jazz, baseball, subways, and self-service machines. The seaman finds it easy to explain all this without making a big boast of our superiority in any way. Friendships thus created are deeper and consequently longer lasting.

When we consider that the younger generation of American seamen are high school graduates, and that a large percentage of the ships' officers hold college degrees or equivalent, we are in a very good position to leave better impressions of ourselves in all parts of the world. The typical American seamen of our times, old or young, is not a tourist who visits a foreign port just to see how different and quaint it is, nor to buy foreign bargains, nor enjoy the exotic foods and wines, nor to openly criticize the natives, becoming dictatorial and obnoxious, only to scam the place and leave the local herd whispering, "those crazy Americanos." These fellows have been around and return many times to the same port of call, meeting the same people over and over again, working with them, and constantly making new friends. They know that what hurts us Americans most in these foreign places is our complete lack of understanding and respect for how the other fellow lives. Seamen readily mold themselves into the atmosphere and customs of the countries they visit, without ridiculing it. It could well be said that there is much more humility and respect among American seamen in foreign ports today than any other type of visitor. This point alone proves their worth in exemplifying the patterns of friendship we are looking for and need so much.

It seems that Americans who so readily become a part of the scene in foreign places are unawaredly good Shirtsleeve Ambassadors for America, and rate a little more recognition for their effectiveness in spreading goodwill and sincerity abroad, instead of merely buying temporary political friendship with "De Yankee Dollar."

## At Our House



**CONFIRMED:** Among four hospitalized merchant seamen presented for confirmation last month by the Rev. Richard S. Bauer, the Institute's resident chaplain at the U.S. Public Health Service hospital at Staten Island, was wheelchair patient Robert Thomas, Coatsville, Pa. The Rt. Rev. Charles F. Boynton, suffragen bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, officiated at the confirmation, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Roscoe T. Foust, director of chaplains at the Institute. The confirmation was held in the hospital's interdenominational chapel.

**PARTYING:** About 350 seamen joined staff members of the Seamen's Church Institute in a Valentine's Day party held last month at the Institute's auditorium. Refreshments, socializing and a variety show presented by Gertrude Funderbaum made it an enjoyable February 14th.





Five new novels of the sea have come across our desk this month. First and most interesting is *Sharks and Little Fish*, Wolfgang Ott, Pantheon, \$4.95, a shattering story of German submarine warfare that has been hailed as "the great sea novel of World War II." The center of violent controversy in Germany because of its criticism of the German Navy, this bitter comment on the insanity of war was written by a young German who himself lived through the horror of mine-sweeper and submarine combat.

A finely-wrought novel of men struggling for survival on the open sea is Marc Rivette's *The Incident*, World Publishing Company, \$4.50. Sixteen men, forced into small boats when a torpedo sends their peaceful freighter to the bottom, learn they must face themselves before they can conquer death — and only some succeed. Rivette served with the Merchant Marine during World War II and the Korean War.

Garland Roark, who gained popularity as a sea writer with *Fair Wind to Java* and *Wake of the Red Witch*, has written another tale of adventure on the waters. Despite its plodding title, *The Lady and the Deep Blue Sea* is a fast-moving yarn of a race between two clipper ships and the strange victory it brings the captain's lady.

The 19th-century shipping world is again the scene for another good old-fashioned type novel, Henry Beetle Hough's *The New England Story*, Random House, \$3.95. A young man searches for the truth about a legendary New England whaling captain and comes up with

some new views on the whaling world and the New England society that fostered it. Mr. Hough, for many years the editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*, is a specialist on the whaling era.

From England comes a different kind of novel of the sea, set in modern times, and written by a young seaman. Robert Hiscock's *The Last Run South*, Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50, is filled with suspense, excitement, a good understanding of character and a heady dose of violence, ashore and at sea.

In non-fiction this month, The United States Naval Institute's publication of *Der Seekrieg, the German Navy's Story, 1939-1945* by Vice Admiral Friedrich Ruge, \$5.00, offers an interesting contrast to Wolfgang Ott's book, mentioned above. Ott's voice is that of the disillusioned men who had to fight the war at sea; Admiral Ruge's is that of the top German brass who planned it. The book is undoubtedly of great value to the professional student of military and naval history. Other readers who can stomach one more glorification of the former enemy's role at sea will learn a lot about the tactics and strategy of the campaigns, the parts played by the submarines, the sea raiders and the battle fleet of the Third Reich. Admiral Ruge is now Chief of Naval Operations of the German Federal Navy, part of the NATO Fleet in Europe.

Bobby Winters, wandering merchant seaman and sometimes-poet, has published a new edition of his verse in *A Merchant Seaman in Ports of Call*, King Brothers Inc., Baltimore, \$1.00.

## THE SEAMAN'S BLUES

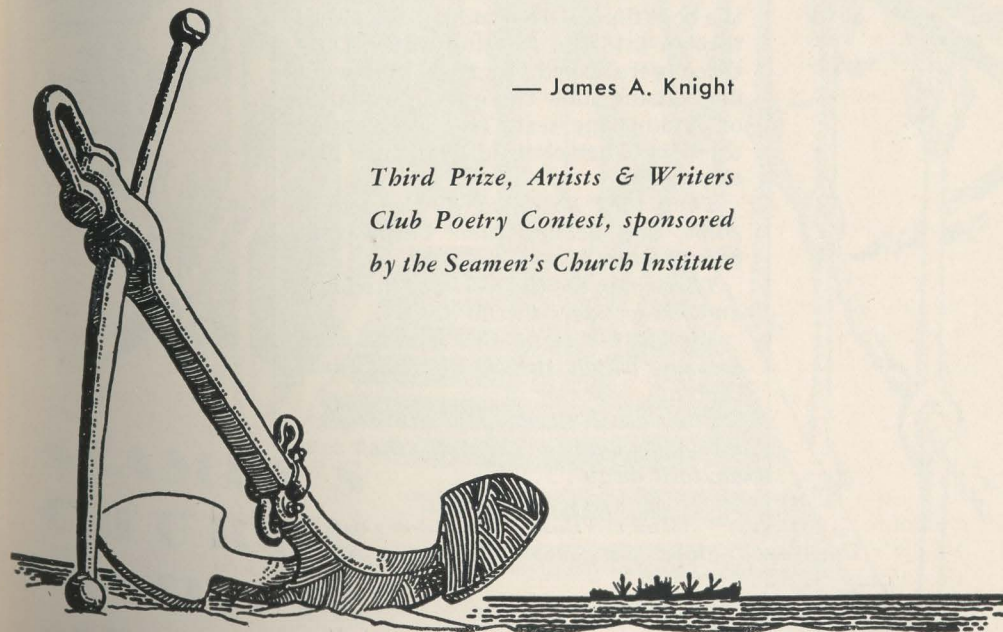
All night I walked, down by the ebbing tide.  
From the heartache of some Manhattan cave,  
a trumpet blew the blues clear through me.  
I searched the dead streets. And Lord, how I cried —  
never hearing the sound my sorrow gave.  
A stricken gull, finding no food on the sea,  
pecked at oily garbage and shrieked like tears,  
anguish for both of us.

I am dying.

Cold wind rifles my hair, cuts past my skin.  
The moon is too evident as it nears  
another hell, dawn-tinted like a dreaming.  
The night crumbles and the tide surges in . . .  
swinging with the river, cargoed with pain,  
a tramp freighter riding three shackles of chain.

— James A. Knight

*Third Prize, Artists & Writers  
Club Poetry Contest, sponsored  
by the Seamen's Church Institute*





## Men Lost at Sea

This is an age when man suffers from hideous cruelties of his own devising. But he is no more proof against the immemorial savagery of nature. On Tuesday night, the cruel sea off the Carolina coast swallowed up an Italian ship, and then swept away twenty-four of her twenty-seven hands on the heart-breaking point of rescue.

The scene was like one of Doré's terrifying illustrations for "The Ancient Mariner." The ship, a small freighter, was going down in a blinding snow-storm. The crew clambered into a life-boat and pushed away, hoping that rescue vessels would reach them in time. The night was black and the seas were immense. The snow, driven by gale winds, made it impossible to see.

An American freighter, the President Adams, got to them just before midnight. Somehow the exhausted Italians, tossing on twenty-foot waves, managed to come alongside. Eager hands stretched down to them. Then suddenly the boat flipped over and the men were thrown into the freezing water. Only three were saved. In that wild wind and hissing snow there was no chance of finding the rest. The sea claimed them as it has claimed lives since history began.

*They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters;*

*These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.*

*For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.*

*They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away . . .*

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